

SILVER SPOON

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Then circles the possibility of now like
A lone vulture orbiting a starving nightmare

History splashes, clashes, whirls, and
Collides with the most convenient truth and
Drips onto the thirsty tongue of a bloodshot moon

Spit sprays into the atmosphere scattering
Like thunder-spooked flying foxes

The stone relic of a woman stands on
Coral-callused feet
Her ideas burn perfect holes in
A half-drowned sun as she concludes
Infinity is only accessible
Through the tunnel of
A loaded gun
BOOM! She vanishes and with
Her one thousand years of oral
History melts into mystery

An elder sings a soft chant of doom
In a language that is lost to me he
Reveals the location of
My freshly chopped roots

As the flies relentlessly dine on the exit wound
I begin to melt memories on a silver spoon

And when the bloodshot moon turned green

You were nowhere to be seen you were
Too busy weaving hollow gods
Searching the earth's core for
Untouched metaphors and
Stockpiling heavy artillery for
A war that is no more

You see, long before birth we were
Robbed of ancestral wings and
Hung by imported puppet strings

With a rusted wire brush they scrubbed our
Uncivilized tongue until we regurgitated

Foreign scriptures that later became our crutch.

When I finally woke
I found myself
Sitting in the center of
A black field of stone

The moon gleamed bright as a sun-bleached bone
My only possessions were bitter questions boiling
Venomous blood like fresh Lava

I am and was
A snarling one-eyed, three-legged dog chained to
The burning tree called God
Searching like the flying fox for
Lava fields of endless black rock

For Lava fields of endless black rock where
We are born and will die in the sweet red light
Of a bloodshot moon
Where we will bathe in village song and
And wash clear our fears in blue
Salty flesh of sea

Tonight I promise to pay close attention to dreams
to my birth
to my death
to all of the stories never told that were washed away by riptides
to the stone relic of a woman who disappeared but never died
to the ancient chant that never lied
to my ancestral wings that
continue to fly,
to my roots that stretch too deep to up-root,
to the sacred tongue of the bloodshot moon and
every memory melted on
a silver spoon